A Queer Caller.

A writer in Cassell's Little Folks tells a story of a runaway hippopotamus, whose keeper succeeded in recapturing him in an unusual manner. In the days when Mr. A. D. Bartlett was king of the Zoo the hippopotamus once managed to break out of his house. It employed its freedom very properly to make a friendly call on Mr. Bartlett. He was not pleased to see this huge charge out of bounds, and sent for one of the elephant keepers to come and secure it. To this man the "hippo" had taken extreme dislike, and when he shouted to it, it turned and chased him. Away flew the keeper at the top of his speed toward the hippo's den the big beast in hot pursuit. The keeper darted through the gate, and bolted up the stairs to the platform over the hippo's tank. Here he was safe. Meanwhile, Mr. Bartlett, who had been following the runaways, had securely closed the gate, and the hippo was again in prison.

Sacred Ground.

The ground on which a foreign legation stands is considered as belonging to the country whose flag floats from the legation roof. Supposing a member of a foreign legation in London committed a murder, all we could do would be to "suggest" (a favorite diplomatic word, always used, except in relation to China) that the offender should be sent back to his native country and punished there. Some time ago, when a certain gentleman, whose name was well known at the time, was kidnaped into the Chinese legation, an inspector from Scotland Yard immediately proceeded thither and released the prisoner. This was a most serious breach of international law, and was intensely discussed "in diplomatic circles." Since the Chinese legation is part and parcel of China, an invasion of the celestial empire was thus made by a Scotland Yard official.—Chambers' Journal.

Salt in a Ton of Sea Water.

In a ton of Dead Sea water there are 187 pounds of salt; Red Sea, ninety-three; Mediterranean, eighty-five; Atlantic, eighty-one; English Channel, seventy-two; Black Sea, twenty-six; Baltic, eighteen; and Caspian Sea, eleven.

And Wouldn't Shake the Stove.

Wife—"I had to discharge the cook today." Husband—"What for," Wife—"Oh, she got too tender hearted to do her work properly." Husband—"Is it possible?" Wife—"Yes; only this morning she refused to beat the eggs or whip the cream."

Daily Increase of Misery.

It is estimated that 3,000 marriages are daily performed throughout the world.

A CRY FOR WORK.

God! give me work! To thee I cry.
The busy millions pass me by;
They have no need for such as I.

O God of life, hast thou no need for me?
Worthless to them, have I no worth to thee?
Not of thy children, and yet doomed to be!

I cry to thee! Dear eyes upon me gaze,
Dear loving eyes that slow with hunger craze.
O Father God! a father to thee prays!

To work! only to work! with hand or brain,
In sweat of brow, with labor's toil and stain.
The worker has his joy for every pain.

See, Lord—the useless hands are raised on high.
From out despairing hearts is wrung the cry;
Oh, listen ye—forever passing by!
—Charlotte Elizabeth Wells, in The Outlook

EVE and an APPLE.

Eve and an apple overcame an ancestor of mine. He would not have wanted the apple, he said, but for Eve. That was exactly my case.

Eve lived at No. 52, and I at No. 54, I am not sure where the apple lived, but it was at one of the two. It hung on a high branch over No. 52's garden, but it fatted on the soil of No. 54, for which I paid rent.

It was Eve, of course, who called my attention to it. I heard her voice through the open window. She has an attractive voice.

"Oh, look, mother!" she cried. "There is my apple."

"Hush, dear! It isn't your apple at all. It belongs to the people next door."

"He isn't people," objected Eve. I am a bachelor.

"Anyhow, the apple is his."

"Is it?" She tossed her head. She has a graceful way of tossing her head. "Then he shan't have it. Mr. Layton gave it to me every year." Mr. Layton was my predecessor. "You know he always lent me his ladder to get it." I felt inclined to offer my ladder there and then, but the time, like the apple, was not ripe.

As the summer went on the apple grew in size and beauty. Eve watched the apple, and I watched Eve. She was so nice to watch that I did not offer her the forbidden fruit. I regarded it as a hostage for her regular appearance.

"Look at its rosy cheeks, mother!" she used to say, teasingly. "If it gets much bigger it must drop." She made motions expressing rapture.

"Eve, dear," her mother protested, "you know it isn't yours."

"It would be if I had a ladder." Then she would give a merry little laugh. She has a charming way of laughing.

The apple still hung on, however, and grew and grew. In the dusk of evening Eve tried to reach it with a clothes prop—at least it looked like Eve. I knew it was a clothes prop, because she let it drop over my wall, and it smashed three panes of a cucumber frame. Next morning she happened to be in the garden, so I returned it with grave ceremony.

"I—I'm afraid it broke something," she apologized.

"Not in the least," I assured her.

"I'll tell Mary Jane not to stand it up against your wall again," she promised mendaciously.

After that the apple blushed more furiously than ever. It was so ripe that it was marvelous how it held on, I heard her say. She was probably unaware that I had climbed up one night and secured it with fine wire.

Next she tried knocking tennis balls at it. Of course, she never went within a couple of yards. I picked up nine balls next morning and restored them to her.

"I thought they were windfalls from my apple tree," I said, and she fled indoors.

"I believe he was laughing at me," I heard her tell her mother. "Now, I will have it."

"No, no, dear! I forbid you to touch it. It's no use looking like that, Eve. I shall be really cross if you do."

When I came home that evening the apple was still there, in all its glory, but when it grew dusk I noticed maneuvers with the prop going on once more. Finally I heard a cry of triumph, and the rustle of her skirts as she ran indoors. Then I went out.

I climbed the tree, gathered about a gallon of apples and sent them in with a note.

"Dear Madam—I trust you will accept a few apples from my tree overhanging your garden, as I notice that there is only one upon your side.

"I have, however, a special reason for desiring that one. May I enter your garden to gather it? Yours very truly, FRANK NEWTON.

In a few minutes Sarah Ann returned with Mrs. Parker's thanks, and an assurance that she would be pleased for me to gather the apple whenever I liked. So, after putting the ladder over the wall, I went round to their front door and knocked. I was shown into a cozy sitting-room. Mrs. Parker received me very pleasantly, but Miss Eve was rather quiet, as a young lady should be.

"You will be surprised at my bothering you about a single apple," I said. "The fact is I want it for some one who has particularly admired it."

"We have noticed," said her mother with a side glance at Eve, "that it is a singularly fine apple."

"An exceptionally fine apple," I agreed. "It would be almost impossible to match it."

"I should like to see it when you have picked it," Mrs. Parker confessed. Eve said nothing. She appeared to have become absorbed in a book.

"I'll bring it in at once," I promised. I went through the French window and ascended the tree. No one was looking, so I gathered another fine apple from my own side. When I returned Miss Eve had disappeared.

"It doesn't look quite so large off the tree," I suggested, placing the apple upon the table.

"No," said her mother, examining it critically, "I scarcely think it does; but it is a very fine one."

"Perhaps your daughter would like to see it?"

"Ye—es." She laughed. "I am afraid it will make her feel rather envious." She rang the bell, and the servant came. "Ask Miss Eve to come for a moment, please."

After a few minutes' waiting during which Mrs. Parker discovered that we had some mutual friends, and asked me to call in there sometimes, pretty Eve reappeared, looking guiltily defiant.

"Mr. Newton wants you to see his apple, Eve, dear. Isn't it a beauty?" Eve flushed and gave me a swift glance.

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly. She seemed to be studying the floor rather than the fruit.

"It might be a fellow to the one that tempted Eve!" I observed, with a smile. She traced a pattern with her foot.

"Adam was also tempted."

"By Eve, I believe? I don't fancy he wanted the apple much, did he?" She blushed again.

"You could not have a nicer apple than this, anyhow." She looked right at me at last. Her eyes said quite plainly, "You needn't tell mother." As if I had any such intention!

"I am glad you like it," I said, "because I want to give it to you, if I may. I could not help noticing that you admired it."

"There, Eve!" said her mother. "I told you that everyone would see that you coveted it."

"I—I am sorry," she said, in a subdued little voice.

"Please don't say that, or you will spoil my pleasure in giving it."

"Then—I am not sorry." She took it with a laugh.

Soon afterward I went, assuring Mrs. Parker that I should soon avail myself of her kind invitation to call again. I hope they did not hear me laughing when I got indoors.

The next day was Sunday. In the afternoon Eve sat under the shade of my apple tree reading a book. So I strolled out and looked over the wall.

"Eve," I remarked, "was turned out of paradise for stealing an apple."

She looked up and smiled. Then she looked down.

"The annual apple on this side has always belonged to Eve," she asserted pretending to cut the pages of her book. They were cut already.

"She might spare a tiny piece for Adam," I suggested. She glanced at me out of the corner of her eyes.

"Adam was better without the apple, you know," she assured me.

"Adam," I declared, "needed no pity at all."

She rested her chin on one hand and looked at me inquiringly with her big eyes. I would put down how she looked, if it were possible. It isn't. Mere ordinary charms of feature or coloring is common enough to have words. Real prettiness is unique, unnamable; little wilful curves of the features, little waves of the hair—and "ways." She is pretty like that.

"Adam," she remarked, "lost Paradise and the apples."

"But he had Eve."

She studied her shoes, and I seated myself on top of the wall.

"You have plenty of apples," she said; "and you are not shut out of Paradise."

"Then," I replied, promptly, "I will come in." I did.

"How do you know this is Paradise?" she asked, demurely.

"Eve is here."

She looked at me saucily over her book.

"Poor Eve was much to be pitied." She simulated a sigh.

"Because she lost Paradise?"

"No; because she kept Adam."

"Did she mind, do you think?"

"Well—you see, it was just a very little bit her fault that he ate the apple."

"She would have eaten every scrap herself if she had been a modern Eve."

She looked up at the desecrated bough and laughed. A stray sunbeam danced in her eyes, like the dazzle of diamonds.

"I think she could be persuaded to share it with the modern Adam," she stated.

Thereupon she dived under the chair cushion and produced it.

"Now you have Paradise—and the apple," she told me.

"They are nothing," I said, feelingly, "compared with—Eve."

But Eve—my dainty little Eve—is coming to No. 54 in the spring. It will save any further dispute, she says, about the apple.—Owen Oliver, in Madame.

Artistic Signs in Belgium.

There is no need of having hideous things for signs, says Municipal Affairs. Signs may be beautiful. In Belgium particularly, a municipal art society has taken hold of the matter and initiated competition for beautiful signs. They give liberal prizes for the best signs. Sculptors and skillful workers in iron compete because of the value of prizes and because of their interest in the work, and the merchants because of the advertisement which it gives them. The result has been that all over Brussels you find pretty signs, and the curious part is that the beautiful ones pay better than the ugly, for, while the latter receive only a passing notice and then a feeling of disgust, the signs which are beautiful attract permanent attention.

THE SMALLEST SHEEP.

It Lives in Brittany and Is No Bigger Than a Lap Dog.

The very smallest of all kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise, for, of course, it cannot have much wool, and, as for eating, why, a hungry man could eat almost a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. Any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep. One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but, if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way.—Stray Stories.

Keeping on the Safe Side.

Miss Passe (archly)—"How long do you think a man ought to know a girl before proposing?" Mr. Clubleigh—"All his life!"—Somerville Journal.

The Missing Line.

Bobby was writing his regular weekly "composition," for it was in the old days when compositions and declamations formed a part of the school exercises every Friday afternoon. The subject of Bobby's essay was "True Manhood," and he wished to end it with a poetical quotation. He gnawed his penholder, scratched his head and looked at the ceiling, but the quotation would not come. Then he turned to his elder sister. "Rachel," he said, "what's the line that comes after this: 'Honor and shame from no condition rise?'" "I know," spoke up his younger sister, and she promptly quoted: "'Vinegar never catches flies.'"

B N U 19.